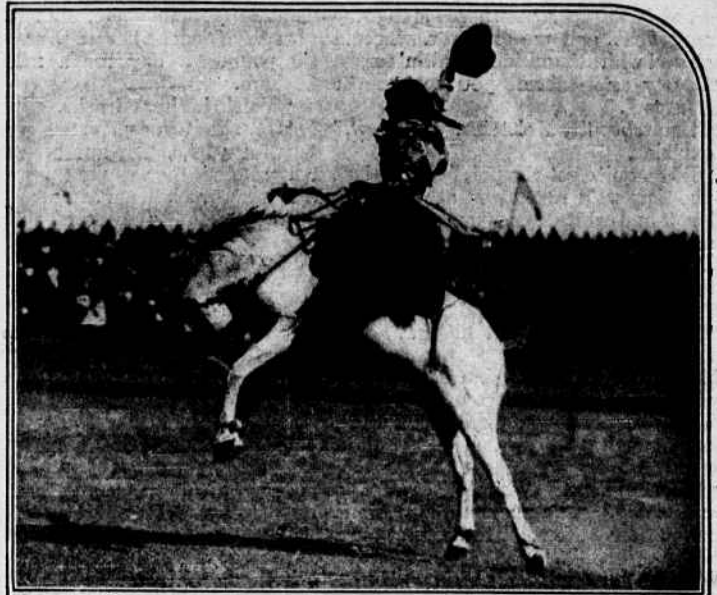


# Buy Gasolene



LONG, long ago the drunken brawler rode through cow-towns, shooting up the burg in this style (again according to Miss Vera McGinnis). But there was a civilized side, too, to these towns. There was a business and professional side. Mr. Jones, for instance, attorney-at-law, not only professed "real estate and insurance collections promptly attended to at all hours of the night and day," but also announced "Good Ohio Cider for Sale at 5 Cents a Glass." And one most prominent cattle thief was, incidentally, a Methodist minister.



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"WALL-PAPERS and marriage certificates," said one sign in an old cow-town; so, after all, the ladies did have some chance—and the moving pictures may be a little right. But the ranch house of old days wouldn't attract all feminine persons, with its rows of bunks along the walls; nor would the everlasting diet of heavy-weight coffee, hard rolls, and beef stew. You had to be well trained for ranch food. Epicures in a Western plains town paid \$25 once for some badly cooked beef, one can of oysters, a frosted cake, and five green onions.



THE daughter of the modern ranchman knows more about carburetors and claxtons than saddles and bridles. There are at present more motor-cars per capita in Cheyenne than in New York City, and on those prairie roads there aren't any speed laws, either. After all, of the 59,250 persons in the cattle business at present, only 8000 are cow-boys. It's getting more profitable to sell jewelry.

Photograph by Marcel.

became discouraged when they saw this sort of playing. The kind of pay coming their way. \$30 a month was sixteen-hour day, too, of the hardest kind of work. were good for ten or fifteen years of tough work, and for the ranch house or driving to town once a week

A GOOD old cow-boy trick, this. You had to have some kind of amusement in those days. Bar Y and Star D and Circle Arrow cow-boys never talked much. You can't have much conversation when it's such bad form to say, "Beg pardon, old man, I didn't catch the name," that you may get shot. And the only kind of joke that gets a laugh is when the Chinese cook gets chased by a steer or a veteran horse-breaker is thrown by a new pony.

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THE most real dangers the cow-boys faced were not gun-fights or stampedes, but insects and small animals. They slept in the open so much that all got to know the rattler; but there was the bite of the pole-cat, causing hydrophobia (one United States regiment lost thirteen men in a season from it). Or when the cow-boy, exhausted from a sixteen-hour chase after some stray steer, threw himself on the ground for a night's sleep, a pleasant sort of centipede might crawl across his flesh, each one of its feet oozing a kind of poison that drives a man insane.

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